Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, (wisely,
Tro. Well know they what they speake, that speake so
Cres. Perchance my Lord I show more craft then loue,
And fell so roundly to a large confession.
To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,
Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,
Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods aboue,
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.
As if it can I will presume in you,
To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a mind,
That doth renew swifter then blood decays,
Or that persuasion could but thus conuince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight,
Of such a winnowed purity in loue,
How were I then vp-lifted! but alasse,
I am as true as truths simplicity,
And simpler then the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that ile war with you, *Tro.* O vertuous fight,
When right with right warres who shalbe most right,
True swains in loue shall in the world to come
Approue their trueth by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants simele's truth tyrd with iteration.
As true as steele, as plantage to the moone.
As sunne to day: as turtle to her mate,
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center,
After all comparisons of truth.
(As truths anthentique author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, shall croune vp the verse,
And sanctifie the nombers,
Cres. Prophet may you bee,
If I bee false or swarue a hayre from truth,
When time is ould or hath forgot it selfe,
When water drops haue worne the stones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion swallowd Cities vp,

And

And mighty states character-les are grated,
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false among false mayds in loue,
Vpbraid my falsehood, when th'haue said as false,
As ayre, as water, wind or sandy earth,
As Fox to Lambe; or Wolfe to Heifers Calfe,
Pard to the Hind, or stepdame to her Sonne,
Yea let them say to sticke the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid.*
Pand. Go to a bargaine made, seale it, seale it ile bee t
witnes here I hold your hand, here my Cozens, if euer y
proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine
bring you together let all pittifull goers betweene be ca
to the worlds end after my name, call them all Panders,
all constant men be Troyluses all false woemen *Cressids*, a
all brokers betweene panders; say Amen.
Tro. Amen. *Cre.* Amen.
Pan. Amen.
Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed b
cause it shall not speake of your prety encounters presse it
death; away. *Exeu*
And Cupid grant all tong-tide maydens here, *Ex*
Bed, chamber, Pander to prouide this geere.
Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamem, Chalcas.
Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done,
Th'aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appere it to mind,
That through the sight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandond Troy, left my possession,
Incurd a traytors name, expos'd my selfe,
From certaine and possest conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all,
That time acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you seruice am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.
I do beseech you as in way of taste,
To giue me now a little benefit.